

# Gunna, Wunna Flo

Girl, you want a, uh, um, uh  
You want a maniac?

Wunna flow, Wunna flow  
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Benz galore, Bentley store (Bentley Store)  
I just went bought her some his and hers  
Hop out this shit and hop in a Coupe  
'Ventador joyridin', doors down  
Jump out that bitch and I raise the roof  
Niggas be cappin', they rat in they raps  
I'm Yak Gotti, Slatt Gotti, got the proof  
Big black Drac', I call that hypnotic  
I'm with some hot pocket, I got them blues  
Talk what you talkin', boy, that ain't you  
Ride with some weenies, you gettin' used  
Birthday cake, see me, I got the juice  
Live Maybach black so my life ain't a movie  
If we ridin' two deep, both of us shoot 'em  
Take him for the ride, he gettin' scooped  
Don't be surprised when I finish you  
Yo' career is over, boy, you finished, dude  
Sent a thousand on shots, they extended, fool

Wunna flow, Wunna flow  
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Gotta go, delete your bitch ass like "Adiós"  
YSL, nigga, I'm like the Pope  
Spin your hot block, go and stop  
He thought we done, yeah, we stopped and go  
No back and forth, watch and goin' forth

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I'm a big stepper like dinosaur  
Eat all the prey like a carnivore  
We go and pray to Lord Jesus Lord  
Don't make me pull your cord

Got too many racks for the bulletproof (Two hunna)  
That bitch is so nasty, she like Betty Boo (Nasty)  
I hit from the back, had the pussy loose (Ooh)  
I'm fingerin' this ho and her toes down  
I fucked her with stamina watchin' some mothafuckin' animals, we broke out the zoo (Out the zoo)  
Board the jet, I'm 'bout to change up altitude (High)  
Sip a 4 of codeine, now that's apple juice (Mud)  
Your lil' boy that's why call you the capper crew (Cap)  
Put it on, might teach you a thing or two (Lil' thing or two)  
Trap for fun, fuck all in this avenue (Yeah)  
Young GunWun' and Yak Gotti stackin' loose (Yak Gotti)  
Wunna flow, Wunna flow, my bitches like Ubers, they come and go (Come and go)  
A young dripper, rulin' the fashion show (Fashion show)  
F.N. 'bout to wrap in the cardio  
Wunna flow, Wunna flow  
Uh, no kids but your bitch call me "Daddy-O" (Dad)  
Used to sit back and trap on the patio (Yeah)  
Now we travel the world, fuck the baddest hoes  
I can't function, was geeked off a Xanny dose

No discussion, we bustin' your cantaloupe  
They be lustin' and lovin' with a camel toe  
I had nothin' then came up off of Wunna flow (Wunna flow)

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